

Hormones (Part one of 'Lover I Don't Have to Love') by obeydontstray

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Summary: (Revamped) Jim Hopper and Benny Hammond let curiosity get the best of them one night in highschool. (Slash. Rough language among other things ;)

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Teenaged Benny popped another can of beer from the plastic rings, passing it to Jim. The diner was slow as molasses today. After school usually wasn't this slow. Benny hadn't seen a customer all day.

"How's things with Chrissy?" He asked casually, having just previously admitted he hadn't gotten any action in nearly a month.

Jim sighed through his nose, exhaling cigarette smoke. "She's giving me the cold shoulder again, man. I don't really mind though. Things have been kinda dry, I guess."

Benny snorted, taking a swig of his beer.

"Just fucking around in the backseat of Dad's car every couple of days. The sex is getting boring, and that's all we've got going between us anyway. That and her constant bitching."

"Least you're getting some." Benny chuckled.

"Yeah, but it's the same old thing every time."

"Back on the prowl?" The bigger man retorted. "What about Joyce?"

It was Jim's turn to snort. "She's busy making doe eyes at Lonnie Byers."

"The whole school was so certain you two would end up together."

"I dunno man. I'm just frustrated with girls. The whole lot of em."

Benny's glance at him lasted a beat or two too long and Jim shrugged. "At this point I'd rather spend a little quality time with my hand than listen to Chrissy constantly bitching about me using her. I'm not, I just can't find much to talk to her about. The backseat of the Oldsmobile is about all we have in common anymore. And I swear to god if she doesn't lay off of me about my cigarettes..."

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Benny tilted his head back, polishing off his beer and with one swift motion crushed the can with the palm of his hand against the bar.

"Kinda makes ya wonder, doesn't it? If a chick's worth putting up with just for a little loving at the end of the day, right? My ex, Marissa, that was the coldest chick I've been with for a while. I spent more time carrying her books around than anything else. I think she was just using me for my car." Benny lamented. "I know I'm not the best looking kid in school but c'mon."

Jim shot him a glance across the bar. "C'mon you're not bad looking. You're just too nice for your own good. Girls like bad boys remember? You're like a giant puppy. A puppy in a linebacker's body, but still."

Benny took offense and scowled. He glanced down at his watch and hopped up from his stool. "Thank god. Closing time." Hopper kept his back to him as he crossed the restaurant to lock up.

"You know, I think I'll give up girls for good and find myself a boyfriend." Jim joked over his shoulder, expecting Benny to laugh.

"I'm just kidding, ya know." He added when Benny didn't. "What?" He said, turning around on his stool, beer still in hand.

Benny just shrugged as he made his way past the tables. "Not like I haven't considered it."

This confession gave Jim pause for a few seconds and he gulped down a bit of his beer to cover up his shock.

"Don't tell me you've never thought about it." Benny said as he rounded the counter again, leaning against it and bracing his weight in his elbows.

"Well I guess everyone wonders at some point. I just never really thought about it very hard." Jim muttered, feeling a heat creep up his neck to his jaw. Benny's smile unnerved him a little bit.

"Can't say I'd be against it."

"Are you telling me you're gay, Hammond?"

Benny's expression darkened a bit. "No, I like pussy pretty good. I'm just saying I've always been a bit curious. And if you tell anyone this, Hopper, I'll shove you in a locker. All six foot something of ya."

A wide grin spread across Jim's face. "Guess I better start watching myself in the shower then."

"Very funny, Hopper."

"Do you think about me sometimes, Hammond? Am I your imaginary boyfriend?" Benny reached across the bar and slugged him hard in the shoulder. "Doesn't answer my question, Hammond. I mean we have seen each other naked and shit."

"Shut up, Hopper."

"No really. Do you find me attractive?" He teased and Benny leaned across the counter, grabbed him up by the t-shirt and kissed him.

"Now shut up, goddamn it."

Hopper fell back onto his stool with a surprised look on his face, wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Benny-"

"Just shut up, Jim."

Swiftly, Jim jumped up and onto the bar, invading Benny's personal space. "Hammond, do it again."

"What?"

"Look, this is a one time deal. One time! And if you tell anyone I'll kill you. But feel free to do that again."

Benny placed his hands on the bar on either side of his best friend. "For real?"

"Hey, I said I was looking for something new. First time for

everything, right? But I'm not the bitch in this equation, okay?"

"Shut up, Jim."

Benny was surprisingly more tender than Jim ever imagined he would be. The bigger man held Jim's face in his hands as he kissed him softly. After a few minutes of testing each other out, Jim pulled away first.

"So are we gonna do something, or what?"

Benny grabbed him by the legs and pulled him down behind the counter. "Geez, someone's bossy today. Look who's doing the bitching now."

"I'm not a bitch." Jim protested as Benny tossed his apron aside before he fumbled with the smaller man's belt buckle.

"I didn't say you were a bitch. I said you're bitching. You're talking too much."

Jim stopped talking soon enough as he braced against the bar, breath ragged as Benny explored. Between the bigger man's mouth and hand Jim was barely able to stand against the bar. "Shit, Benny. God," He audibly whimpered, much to his embarrassment.

In all the excitement he didn't last long and managed to break away just in time to spill into his own hand. "S-sorry...you're just too good at what you were doing." He stammered, trying his best to find his composure. Benny sat back on his heels and wiped the back of his hand across his mouth, a grin spread across his face.

"I can go again, just give me a second-"

Benny stood and passed him several paper towels to clean up with. "Nah it's too awkward, man. I don't know if I could go any further with you."

Jim looked hurt momentarily. "I mean really, this was a bad idea to start with." Benny added. "It's going to be awkward enough seeing you at football practice with what just happened."

Jim huffed and pulled his pants back up to his waist, zipping up and buckling his belt back. "I don't know if I should be hurt or relieved."

Benny backed the smaller man back against the bar. "I dunno, I could still make you my bitch." He chuckled and Jim shoved him away, quickly rounding the bar. "Look I was just indulging you man. I'm not really into this gay shit."

"Didn't sound that way when you were calling my name a few minutes ago." Benny teased.

"Shut up. Let's just forget this ever happened." Jim huffed, grabbing his letterman jacket from the end of the bar.

"Am I better than Chrissy?" Benny taunted further. "Give ya something new to think about in the back of the Oldsmobile."

"Shut up Benny! Goddamn!"

"Alright. This never happened." Benny offered.

"Damn straight. Later, Hammond." Jim said over his shoulder as he bolted for the backdoor.

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A week later Jim was back with Chrissy, even if he kept his eyes on Joyce. Benny ended up with Karen briefly before she started her illustrious love affair with Ted. Jim and Benny's one night in the diner was quickly glossed over and seldom thought of again as they moved on with their lives, all tied up in the teenage hormones.